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Memoir of William B. Kimber ~ 1852

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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM B. KIMBER.

"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."—PROV. viii. 17.

LONDON:
C. GILPIN, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT;
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK, EDINBURGH;
J. B. GILPIN, DAME STREET, DUBLIN.

1852.

ANDREW MELLON FELLOWS
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When a loved and cherished member of a family circle is removed by death, the associations connected with his memory seem to them almost too private to be shared by those to whom his existence was comparatively indifferent, or perhaps unknown; and we should feel unwilling to give circulation to this simple record of our dear Willie's brief career, did it not seem calculated to impress on others the value of the great lesson of life, which he was enabled so early to learn, and to furnish another evidence that out of the mouths of those who are but as "babes and sucklings," our Heavenly Father is sometimes pleased to perfect his praise.

Philadelphia, Twelfth Month, 1851.

MEMOIR.

WILLIAM B. KIMBER, son of Thomas and Joanna S. Kimber, died in Philadelphia on the 13th of Fifth Month, 1849, aged thirteen years and six months.

Although the following Memoir will be composed chiefly of extracts from the journal and papers which have come into the hands of the family since his decease, yet it seems proper to give some account of his early childhood, and of the circumstances which tended to form his peculiar character. In doing so, we must frequently allude to his younger brother, between whom and himself there early existed an intimacy and attachment which

seemed to be strengthened and improved with each succeeding year.

Willie's constitution, when he was very young, gave indications of latent disease, which, for several years before his death, had so much increased upon him, as to disqualify him for much bodily exertion; but his little brother was ever at his side, to wait on and assist him; and by kind and cheerful sympathy he thus lightened many weary hours of suffering, and privation from more active enjoyment. It may truly be said of them, that they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were scarcely divided.

Gifted with a cheerful and affectionate disposition, Willie yet suffered much, when very young, from that quickness of feeling and temper which generally accompanies such a constitution. His parents faithfully endeavoured to overcome this natural weakness, and his mother was especially earnest in her efforts and prayers in his

behalf. These opportunities were not forgotten by him when deprived of her affectionate counsel, and he alluded to them with grateful recollection in his dying hours.

Perhaps the first notice of any lastingly serious impression upon his mind, may be dated from the time when this beloved parent was removed by death; her parting injunction to him was, "to strive so to live as to meet her again in heaven;" which seemed from this time to be his principal concern. This was about the tenth year of his age; and now each succeeding year witnessed a marked improvement in his temper, and a progress in the better way. He grew more gentle and patient, and seemed to maintain a constant watch over his besetting temptations, even in little things.

This change of feeling manifested itself also in a preference for serious books, especially the Holy Scriptures, which he com-

menced about this time to read regularly with his brother.

They guided their reading by a calendar which he had met with, so arranged as to pass through the Old Testament once, and the New Testament and Psalms twice in the year; and they had read together the complete course more than once. It was their practice to rise early for this purpose, and they continued it faithfully to the close of their lives.

Willie was from very early years fond of reading, and being of an enquiring turn of mind, he was accustomed to investigate carefully what he did not at first comprehend! so that notwithstanding almost constant ill health, he made good progress in his studies.

His early education was received entirely at home, and it was not until he was eight years of age that he was entered at a select day-school in the city. It is believed that *this course*, both with himself and his bro-

ther, was the means of preserving them, in a great measure, from the contaminating influence of associations to which too many are exposed in early childhood.

When he was twelve years old, it was concluded, with the advice of his physician, to send him to a boarding-school for a short time, that he might have the advantage of the fresh air and the enjoyment of the country, without interfering with his studies, in which he was much interested. And as they were unwilling to be separated, he was accompanied by his younger brother, who was unremitting in affectionate attentions to him. Of an amiable and unselfish disposition, he clung to Willie with more than ordinary attachment; and was always ready to give up his own pleasures for his sake; and though himself lively and active in his temperament, he would forego the games and excursions of his schoolmates to walk slowly with Willie in some solitary place, or when his indis-

position confined him to the house, to sit by him and cheer him, and thus endeavour to make him forget his infirmity.

They also steadily maintained here their daily Scripture readings; and one of the teachers, observing that it exposed them to remark from their schoolmates, offered them the use of his own room for the purpose. He afterwards mentioned to one of the family, that he had never witnessed a more interesting example of mutual affection, or of steady desire to fulfil their various duties, than they seemed to manifest.

Thus passed their first summer session, and during the vacation, Willie's health appeared to have been so much improved by his country residence, that they were entered for another term at the boarding-school. But scarcely two weeks had elapsed after their return, when his beloved little brother, whose existence seemed *so* closely entwined with his own, was sud-

denly attacked by severe illness, which in a few days terminated his brief but happy life. He was a gentle and guileless child, and all who knew him could confidently trust that his spirit had been purified and accepted by that Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Willie afterwards mentioned that the evening previous to his brother's attack, they had received the news of the death of a near relative, and conversed some time together on the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being always ready for the change.

This stroke fell heavily upon Willie, and from that time a change came over his spirits which never passed away. His attentions and interests were turned more completely from the world and the things of the world; and the prevailing desire of his heart seemed to be, to prepare for that kingdom where sickness and sorrow are no more, and where those whom he loved so *dearly* were gathered before him.

His indisposition, which assumed a dropsical tendency, had of late steadily increased, affecting both his chest and limbs, so that he was often unable to move about, or even to breathe, without painful effort. During the winter which followed, he was confined almost entirely to the house, suffering from frequent spells of pain and oppression, both by night and by day; yet he was rarely heard to utter a murmuring or impatient expression. He devoted much time to the study of the Bible, which he appeared to enjoy more than any other book, carefully endeavouring to search out the meaning of passages which he did not at first understand.

About this time he began to keep a journal, in which he recorded particularly the state of his religious feelings, and the progress he made in overcoming the sins to which he felt himself prone. This journal was never seen by any of the family *till after* Willie's decease; nor did they *know till then* of the existence of the ques-

tions for self-examination which he had prepared for his own use.

In extracting some passages from this little diary, we are struck with the neatness and carefulness of every entry, though some of them bear the marks of hasty composition. He evidently never penned them for any eye but his own; and in making his final disposition of his little effects, he expressed the decided wish that all his private papers should be destroyed unopened,—a request which was reluctantly withdrawn on the earnest desire of his father, that they might be entrusted to his care, to make such use of them as he might think best.

The journal contains no events of stirring interest, or in themselves of much importance; yet it is evidently the record of a mind earnestly searching after truth, and deeply imbued with that divine influence of which it undoubtedly bears the stamp. It is therefore hoped, that no

extract may appear trifling, which marks an anxiety for the discharge of individual duty: and though far the greater part of such notices are omitted, yet we have retained several passages, bearing particularly on his little round of daily engagements. It opens simply thus:—

First Month 1*st*, 1849.—Another year is gone! and having kept no particular account of my past conduct, I know not how much better or worse I have become, though I *hope* the former; and therefore I have concluded to commence a journal of my conduct, pursuits, &c.; and I hope by examining each day the account of the preceding one, that I may be able, by the help of a stronger than earthly hand, to improve upon it.

First Month 2*nd*.—Read my chapters and questions for self-examination, and I am very sorry to find how far I am from being able to answer all in the affirmative;

but hope by putting my trust in Him who is willing to help those who do so, I shall soon be able to answer them all to my satisfaction. Studied my lesson, wrote for about an hour, and went to Latin about the usual time with ——.

First Month 3rd. — . . I often fear that I am failing in the *great* pursuit of life. And sometimes I feel quite discouraged with regard to any progress in it: but again there are times when I feel more hopeful, and think that perhaps I may be getting a little better, and I hope I may be strengthened to look upward for help and protection.

First Month 4th.— . . Studied my lesson in philosophy, which was quite hard, and there are some parts that I did not understand, which I must try, when father is at leisure, to get him to explain. Went to Latin about half-past twelve, but did not get a very long task done. . . . I hope I may have more time to devote to

confidence in Him who forgives s
hope for help and forgiveness fro
and let the prayers go up const
my heart, "Lord, teach me to pra
"Lord, be merciful to me, a sinn

First Month 5*th.*—Studied my
in chemistry as usual. I am ver
ashamed to say that I gave too mu
dom to my temper with ——. I
may be forgiven for this sin, as I fe
sorry for it. In the afternoon read
a page in Cæsar, which I find I
much easier than before I com

to govern myself more, and that I will improve daily in this, as in all other respects.

First Month 7th.—Omitted, this morning, to raise my thoughts to Him who had kept me through the night,—an event which I hope I shall never again be compelled to commit to my journal. Did not go to meeting, on account of my cold, but spent most of the time in reading, and hearing read, religious books. I commenced Legh Richmond's *Domestic Portraiture*, of which I intend making notes as I read.

I do not think I have given way to my temper near as much as sometimes, though, perhaps, it is because I have not had so much to try it. I hope I may be enabled to conquer it entirely, before long, and to become more and more turned away from my sins.

First Month 9th.—Did not get to bed till late last evening, and I was not awake

in time this morning to have my usual time for meditation and prayer, which I regret very much; and I do not think I got through the day as comfortably as if I had, though I did try to resist temptation, but perhaps not enough. And I cannot succeed without divine help, for which I must earnestly pray, as I have great need of it.

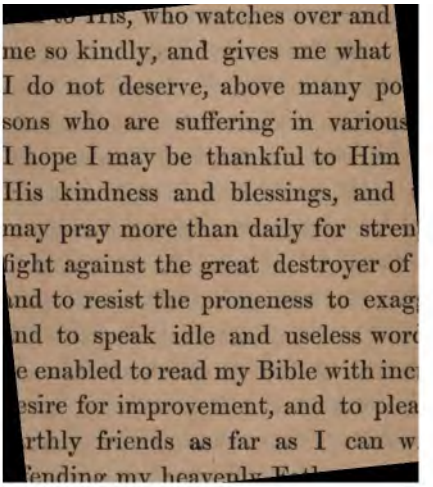
First Month 14*th.*—I have felt very uncomfortable to-day about the present state of my soul, and fears respecting the future. O that I may be enlightened, and taste of that spiritual gift, that my eyes may be opened, and I may walk in the strait and narrow way; forsaking all my former ways and sins, that in the end I may be made a partaker of the glory that my dear mother and little brother are enjoying at this present moment.

First Month 15*th.*—I awoke this morning with more comfortable feelings, and *somehow I* think, at least I hope, that I

have received some inward help and consolation. I think the text* for this month in our calendar, would be an appropriate prayer for me daily to repeat. I pray that I may feel an inward peacefulness of mind, and that instead of going backwards, I may be strengthened to push onward in the race that I hope is begun, and that I may not be tempted to think that I do it of myself, or that there is any merit due to myself, but that I may put all my cares upon Him, and be thankful for all my many favours and blessings. I read my chapters with more interest than usual; they seemed more clear, and I could understand and apply some passages to my own state. May I grow more and more in grace and in the knowledge of the Scriptures.

First Month 16*th*.—I hope I am now commencing a new course, in which I try

* Open Thou my eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.


to His, who watches over and
me so kindly, and gives me what
I do not deserve, above many po
sons who are suffering in various
I hope I may be thankful to Him
His kindness and blessings, and
may pray more than daily for stren
fight against the great destroyer of
nd to resist the proneness to exag
nd to speak idle and useless wor
e enabled to read my Bible with inc
esire for improvement, and to plea
rthly friends as far as I can w
ending my heavenly Fath

in the strait and narrow way without falling. May I also be protected from the show and love of this world, and from bad companions in my after life, that would tend to discourage me from following the "dull life of a Christian," as they call it, and who might at length lead me off into all kind of sin.

There are many trials and temptations in this world of sorrows, all of which I *earnestly pray* I may be delivered from. I have had a very blessed and sheltered life, which I can never value too much; and I know that I will have very, very much to answer for in the great judgment day, when every man shall be judged before God, "who will render to every man according to his works." May it be my lot in that awful hour, to be among those that receive the blessed annunciation, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world."

I have commenced reading the "Oriental

Key to the Bible," with notes, and so far have found it interesting.

First Month 18*th*.—I have just been taking a walk over to Aunt R.'s, the first time for more than three weeks; it was very pleasant to get out in the fresh air again, and I ought to be very thankful to my Heavenly Father for making me able to walk out and enjoy it. I must confess I did not like much to go alone in the street, and I scarcely ever had to do it so long as my darling little brother was with me. But now I expect I shall have to take many a long walk alone, as I have no more such a kind and disinterested little companion. I fear I did not value him enough while I had him, and hope it may be a lesson to me, to prize the more those that are left me, and stimulate me to strive to join him in Heaven. Indeed, may it have that effect on all of us, that at last we may meet, a happy family, in that blessed mansion.

First Month 19*th*.—I earnestly pray

that I may be kept from all slander, and speaking unadvisedly with my lips, and receive help from above to raise my thoughts to Him, who is the repentant sinner's friend. At times I feel a strong temptation to give too much freedom to my tongue. May I receive strength to baffle the enemy in this his desire, and also to progress in the work of my soul's salvation.

First Month 20th.—Another valuable week of my short life spent! and now how much of it have I appropriated to self-improvement? Oh! that I had arrived to that state, in which I could answer, all. I feel rather sad to-day, but I do not know the reason, unless it is because I do not feel very well; and my sins seem to come before me in numberless multitude. May I receive forgiveness for them all, by the mercy of God, and by the intercession of my Saviour.

First Month 21st.—I was very much

interested in a letter of Legh Richmond's to a friend on going to College. I hope I may be enabled to follow all the good advice therein, especially that of spending nearly an hour in meditation, prayer, and self-examination, and also not to begin a day without first asking God's help to resist temptation, and to pass the day advantageously both in respect to the outward and inward man.

First Month 22*nd.*—I have entered upon the duties of another week; may I be enabled to go through them faithfully and judiciously, resisting all temptations that may beset me in their performance. May I rapidly improve in the work of my soul's salvation, that at the end of the week, if I am alive, in comparing my state of mind with that of the week before, I may be able to exclaim, "Surely thou hast followed me and delivered me out of all my trials and temptations."

. . I do not proceed very fast in the

preparations for my chemical apparatus, and my electrical machine; it will be rather difficult, as I have not yet convenient materials for the purpose.

First Month 26th.— . . . The more I read the Bible the more I see my great deficiency in every respect. The 25th chapter of Matthew especially struck me, and I hope I may be more on my guard, and "watch and pray."

First Month 27th.—I believe I have kept up my usual habit of morning and evening prayer, and I do think that it is of great use to me through the day, as I believe they are sometimes heard in heaven; and I am helped generally to get through without yielding to temptation.

First Month 28th.—Another week has commenced, and in comparing my last week's conduct with the week before, I think I see an improvement in it, though not so great as I should like to have in the next week. I went to meeting this morn-

Some parts of it seemed parti
suit my state, and I almost tre
think how I am wasting preci
when I do not know what hour
mons may come.

—— also spoke, and alluded t
virgins. I pray to be enabled to
and waiting when my time com
must be shortly in comparison to
for "our life is but a vapour, tha
eth for a little while, and then va

First Month 30*th.*—I believ
preserved from giving way to m
yesterday, and *almost* from even
evil. I wish I could always re

careful enough of our time, and do not consider how short our life is, and how uncertain.

First Month 31*st*.—This is the last day of the First Month, just one month since I commenced writing my journal. I do not continue reading the "Questions for Self-Examination," which I read at the commencement of the month, as I did not think they were exactly the kind I wanted, being suited rather to older persons. I should like, however, to get a set suited to my state as soon as I can. I *must* spend more of my time on such things, and not be thinking so much on my outward pursuits.

Second Month 1*st*.—I rose quite late this morning. I nevertheless spent my usual time in private devotion, and I always feel much more comfortable for it, and get through the day a great deal *better*. I think I can certainly see some improvement in my conduct since I first com-

menced my journal; and hope I may continue to do so every day.

Second Month 3rd.—I have been rather idle to-day, as I did not get any lesson done. When I once give way to idleness it is easier to do it another time.

Second Month 8th.—I have been thinking what a *very small* portion of my time I spend in private devotion; and every day I feel more and more that I cannot be acceptable to my heavenly Father in my present state. For we ought to think of Him constantly, and be afraid of offending Him by our actions, words, or thoughts.

Third Month 2nd.—This is the second day of Spring. Lovely, warm Spring! I have been looking forward for it to come, in the hope that I might be able to walk out and enjoy it.

I have been making a set of "Questions for Self-Examination," to be read every day and answered. I hope I may be *streng*thened to do so in the right spirit.

Some of these Questions are as follow:

First.—Do I regularly thank my heavenly Father for His care of me through the night, before going down to breakfast? And do I ask His protection from evil or temptations through the ensuing day, and for help to walk in the narrow way, and to please all my friends as far as I can think right?

Fourthly.—Am I very careful always to speak the truth, and never to exaggerate in the least, for the sake of making what I am saying appear more wonderful, or for any other reason whatever?

Seventhly.—Am I careful to avoid all indecent and uncomely language? And do I try to remember my dying mother's words, "That for every idle word that we utter, we will have to account in the day of judgment?"

Eighthly.—Do I often, during the day, turn my thoughts to religious subjects, and think of my future state, and make

new resolutions for my advancement in the narrow way?

Ninthly.—Do I always, before closing my eyes to sleep, raise my heart in thanks to Him who has kept me through the day from evil, and ask his protection during the night?

Tenthly.—Am I conscientious in answering the foregoing questions? And do I try to improve every day, so that the answers for that may be better than for the preceding day? Do I also endeavour to be conscientious in writing my journal?

Third Month 5th.—Yesterday I was very dull, my feet being more painful than usual. Sometimes I think that I can never be as well as other boys—or even as well as I once was. But I try, at such times, to think that God is able to do anything, and that he only afflicts us for our own good; wherefore we ought to bear it patiently, as a dispensation of His will.

Indeed, I am not half thankful enough for all my blessings, and till I am, I have no cause to complain of anything. I feel better to-day than yesterday, for which I must try to be thankful. Yesterday I answered my Questions for Self-Examination for the first time.

Third Month 11*th.*—A beautiful Spring First-day, and I am again prevented from going to meeting. O, how delightful it would be to be perfectly well, for many reasons. But perhaps I would have more temptations to overcome; and it may be I would lose all I have been trying to gain since I have been an invalid. And I have no doubt, but that I am better, in every respect, as I am, or my heavenly Father would not thus have afflicted me. I think I do try to feel satisfied and thankful for my lot. O, that I could be a good, conscientious, generous, religious boy. I must try more earnestly to become so, praying for God's help to prosper me in every right thing I do.

Third Month 12*th*.—I begin to feel very uneasy with regard to the many idle words that I say through the day; and when I think that "for every idle word a man shall speak, he must give an account in the day of judgment,"—how awful is my present way of living! Oh, that I may more and more see my folly, and be persuaded to forsake such things. I have been thinking how foolish man is, when he knows how very uncertain his time in this world is, and how certain his punishment or reward will be, according as he spends his short life; that so *very* many should carelessly live on, instead of turning from their sins, and spending their time in prayer and doing good to others, which is indeed a far happier way of living.

Oh! I *pray* that I may turn, be converted, and washed in my Saviour's blood; that in the end I may rejoice for ever, with my mother and little brother, in singing praises to God and the Lamb.

How ardently do I hope that not one of us may be found wanting when our summons shall come.

Third Month 15*th*.—I am glad to think that in many things I have improved since I commenced my Questions of Examination. And am also thankful that I am not at all tempted to give any credit to myself; but feel it is only through the mercy of my heavenly Father that it is so.

Third Month 18*th*.—Another First-day, but rainy, and I could not well go to meeting. I cannot help thinking how ungrateful I am to my kind heavenly Father, who gives me so many blessings and comforts. I sometimes fear I will not be forgiven for all my many sins; but again I receive comfort in thinking how many have been forgiven who were deeper in sin than I hope I am—and I can take courage, and resort to prayer, after which I always feel more comfortable. I wish I was more estranged from the world, and the things

here I am led off from my guard,
too many trifling, idle, and usel
I hope I may be more watchful,
I feel like doing such things, li
heart secretly for help.

Third Month 19*th*.—Yesterday
siderable of the Life of E. F. B
was struck with his trust and
in his heavenly Father. How ar
I wish for such a state, but I
cannot be attained at once, a
trying to fight my way to it, w
little things to try and tempt m
I am mercifully delivered fr
greater trials, that many have t

great struggles to do so. There is no doubt, however, by the help of a merciful Providence, that it has in some measure disappeared, yet it shows itself occasionally, and sufficient still remains to remind me that I have work in store, and that if it is not now accomplished it will increase rapidly, I am afraid.

Oh! most holy Father, give me strength and resolution to resist all temptations of this or any other kind. Be with me through the day, and preserve me from all manner of evil, and from offending in any way thy Holy Spirit in my heart. Also, oh Father, give a portion of thy Holy Spirit to all my dear and beloved family and friends, and give them to feel thy mercy, and long-suffering, to all that trust in Thee, and the saving strength of Thy right hand. Give me a sincere heart, and preserve me from speaking falsely with my lips.

Be pleased, oh Father of Mercies, if

it be Thy will to let her suffer for
her patience and strength to bear
it. Also support my dear father
his many trials, and keep him fr
ing either in health or in mind.

Third Month 22nd.—I think if
more time in retirement I would
better for it. I believe I will m
rule whenever I feel cross, or i
humour, to retire to my room a
stay till I feel perfectly recovered
I know it will be hard for my pro
to do so, but I shall be better for
I pray that in this and other way

seem much better. She has had a long and tedious sickness, but I hope the worst is over. . . . . I hope it will be of advantage to her in a spiritual way, as no doubt it was meant for that purpose: the Lord often choosing to visit His children with affliction, to draw them from the world, and to teach them to set their thoughts, and hopes, and all on Him.

Third Month 26th.—I feel increasingly my wickedness of heart, and how much I will have to be improved before becoming a true Christian. I do not think my temper has shown itself within the last few days since I made that resolution.

Third Month 30th.— . . To-day is beautiful and spring-like, the air is so warm, balmy and refreshing, that I hope dear Sophy will be able to enjoy her ride at noon. Oh, how glad I should be to see her well; but it is all right, I know, or our kind and merciful Father in heaven

would not so order it. May it have the desired effect upon us all.

Fourth Month 1*st*.—This is the commencement of the second month in Spring, a most lovely day. How many past scenes such days as this bring to my mind. I cannot help thinking how differently I felt this time a year ago, when my darling little brother and I were looking forward, and preparing for our departure to West-town. How very much has passed in this last year; how much of joy and sorrow have I seen. We little thought then but that we would both be there now, enjoying ourselves as much as ever. But instead of that he has gone to his long, long home, and left me to travel on in this world without him. I think it ought to be a lesson to us never to look forward too much to the future, but to live each day as it is given us, to the best advantage.

Fourth Month 5*th*.— . . I hope I am

improving in more important matters, and am daily growing more careful not to speak, do, or think anything that I am conscious would offend my kind and merciful heavenly Father. I fear I am constantly looking for a "more convenient season," for attending to the weightier matters of religion, and spending too easy and pleasant a life for a true Christian. May I increasingly devote myself to higher and more important things, or I fear I shall sadly repent the neglect of the great advantages I now enjoy.

Fourth Month 6th.—I am sorry I have to record for yesterday a violation of my second "question for self-examination." But I have prayed for forgiveness from my heavenly Father, and I hope I shall be preserved from giving way to the temptation when it next comes, and that I may be constantly on the watch.

The West-town scholars come in today,—how little I expected not to be one

days since I have written in
and I have had many thou
could not attempt to narrate.
was one of deep thought at t
saw how very sinful I was.
strengthened to fix all my res
the "Rock of ages," instead of
strength.

Fourth Month 11*th*.— . . It
now that I have moved my wr
ratus, &c., up into my own l
where I retire soon after brea
my chapters, spend some time

have felt that God is gracious, who rules and watches over us for good in every way, and that He will not put upon us more than is best for us. He knows just how much we need to be afflicted to make us forsake our sins, and to humble us at his footstool. He does not take pleasure, we are told in the Scriptures, in afflicting us. But it grieves Him, as it does a father, to chastise his beloved son; and we ought only to be thankful and try to please Him in every way, and to obey his Spirit in our hearts.

I think I can *truly* say that I have learned to put no confidence in man, any further than as God often makes use of him as a kind of instrument to accomplish His will in us. I feel that no doctor can make either Sophy or me well, and that if we do recover, it will only be through the mercy of an all-compassionate Redeemer.

Fourth Month 15*th*.— . . We had

several friends to dinner to-day, and among others, our dear friends B. S. and R. L. The former had a very sweet little opportunity with sisters —— and myself. He spoke very encouragingly to us all, particularly addressing each one, and me twice. He said he thought our heavenly Father was waiting to reveal himself to me; and that he did believe that, notwithstanding He had been pleased to afflict me thus in my boyish days, yet all things would work together for my good, both in this world and the one to come. That he had no doubt but He would prepare me for a heavenly resting-place, where all his redeemed children are gathering. He also exhorted me oftener than the returning day to lift up my heart to my God in prayer, for preserv tion from offending his Holy Spirit in n heart; and not to give way to unprof able discouragements and repining, or look forward too gloomily to the futu *but live one* day at a time.

Oh, how thankful I am to be able to think that my heavenly Father has heard some of my prayers. May I [illegible] serve, as far as I can, His many blessings. May He never leave me, but continue near me till He sees fit to remove me from this world of sin and sorrow; continually speaking inwardly to me, and directing me in His will. And when His summons shall come to call me from all my earthly friends, may I be found watching, with my light burning, and oil in my vessel, ready to meet the Bridegroom of souls, face to face, with my darling mother and little brother, who have been called from works to rewards. Oh, in that awful day, may I be found worthy to receive the gracious promises given to them that seek and serve the Lord their God.

Fourth Month 18*th*.—. . I think lately I have been trying to live more acceptably to my dear heavenly Father, and yet daily I seem to see more and more my faults. . . . I very often fear that I do not

pay enough attention to the things set forth in the Holy Scriptures, and that sometimes I pass too hastily over them. I think I will collect into a little book such texts of Scripture and extracts from other books, as I meet with in my daily reading, that seem to apply to my state; and read them over frequently, with the hope that they may have some good effect on my hard heart. . . . May we all grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Son of God,—willingly receive the teachings of His holy Spirit in our hearts,—be faithful followers of our crucified Redeemer,—and live and die in his love; that we may at length meet, a happy family, in heaven, not one wanting, is the sincere and almost constant prayer of my heart to God. And then if we are only sure of this, what matters it whether we enjoy this present evil world, knowing that the greater the labour, the greater the reward; and that our sufferings here only work for us a far

more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Fourth Month 20th.—. . Oh that I may be sufficiently humbled to kneel at my heavenly Father's footstool, and say,—I resign all things, O holy Father, to Thy disposal, and do give myself entirely for Thy use, and the accomplishment of Thy will alone; having seen that the world, and all the pleasures of it, are but a shadow, an empty show; having found that there is nothing worth living for, but to prepare ourselves for a more durable and glorious kingdom and inheritance, whose heirs, we are told by lips that cannot lie, we shall be, if we forsake all, take up the cross, and follow the footsteps of our blessed Redeemer, Thy beloved Son. Being convinced by the many and sore afflictions which Thy holy hand has laid upon us, "That here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

I had a sweet little conversation with

dear Sophy, near evening, while we were alone, in which I opened my mind more freely to her than I had done to any one before. I feel as if I would like to write to dear father, and tell him more of the state of my mind on religious subjects. I have hitherto been afraid it would lead me to look for the praise of men, in which case my object would be entirely defeated, and I would be in a worse state than before. But I have thought it might cheer him a little, besides the admonitions he could give me.

Fourth Month 21*st*.—Yesterday, among other things, I read an allegory, called *The King's Messengers*, in which was shown the way that different men appropriate their wealth, by the lives of four brothers, each of whom put his money to a different use. [Then follows a little sketch of the story.]

Now I have been thinking that I have been very negligent in that respect, and

when I have given, I fear it was too much to receive the praise of men. Many things have I bought that I could have done very well without, and perhaps relieved some poor suffering person. I hope I may be enabled not only to give more, but to do it not to be seen of men, but of God, and to be rewarded by Him, and Him alone.

Fourth Month 22nd.—I still find my spirit very proud, and unwilling to humble itself enough to comply with some inward cautions which are given me at times. . . It is the earnest prayer of my heart, that I may be thoroughly humbled at His footstool, even if it must be accomplished by sore trials and afflictions; though I hope I may not be so unwilling to submit to His will, as to require these to turn my heart to Him who has been so merciful and gracious to me.

How little do I deserve my many blessings. How much more do I deserve constant affliction and misery, with ever-

lasting punishment, which I fear wo
most certainly be my portion if I had
a kind and tender Father and Friend
deal with, "Who knoweth our frame,
remembereth we are dust," and who pi
us, as a father does his darling son.

Dear Sophy does not get much bet
We can only look to heaven for help,
pray for her recovery, which we know
it is right, will be answered; and if
we must pray for resignation to the Div
will. Oh! that I may be resigned
only in this, but in everything, to the
of my heavenly Father.

Fourth Month 26th.—I have felt q
uneasy, and I fear not without ca
lately, as to my advancement in the
row path laid out for us by our bles
Redeemer; lest I should be growing
easy and careless with respect to t
awful subject. I wish I could rece
in answer to my many prayers for i
sensibility of the dangerous state I am

How strange it is that men, knowing the consequences of living a careless, unconcerned life, are yet so willing to do it, while they are uncertain whether they will have another day to prepare for eternity.

May I be perfectly humbled at my heavenly Father's footstool, and entirely resigned to the accomplishment of His will, is my daily, and almost hourly prayer. Oh that it may be answered in time!

While Willie was thus endeavouring to redeem the time, and improve that which remained to him, another heavy trial awaited him, in the death of the lovely and cherished sister above alluded to, who had for some months past been in declining health. With his usual quiet habit, Willie uttered few expressions of grief, but he was much affected by this overwhelming affliction; and although hardly adequate to such exertion, he remained during the

night with the rest of the family at the bedside of his beloved sister.

For several days after her death, he seemed increasingly troubled with pain and difficulty of breathing, which we attributed to agitation occasioned by the scenes he had recently passed through.

On Second-day night, he suffered much from oppression, being obliged to remain most of the time in an upright position; but he came down to breakfast the next morning, and entered upon his usual occupations with his accustomed serenity and interest. The morning of Third-day passed much as usual, and he then made the following entry in his journal, the last he ever attempted.

Fifth Month 7th.—Much, very much has passed since I last wrote in my journal, though it has not been much more than a week. We have again been visited by the chill hand of Death. . . .

Then follows an account of his beloved sister Sophy's close, concluding thus:—

"About half-past four, without a groan or struggle, her purified spirit left its beautiful tenement of clay, to join, we have no doubt, her darling mother, brother, and little sisters, in the glorious mansions of everlasting rest and peace, where death can never again separate her from them.

"What an awful lesson is this to us, to prepare ourselves for the great change which *must* come upon us all, sooner or later, while we are in health, and able to do so! I feel that if I were called away so suddenly I would have a great deal to answer for, having been lately kept so much from the world, and also had so many warnings, beside the good advice and instruction I constantly receive. May I, and indeed all of us, be stimulated to improve by them more and more, so as to

be ready also, should our summons come as unexpectedly as hers. The work of our soul's salvation is a work that each of us must do for ourselves."

About two o'clock the pain in his head, and his oppression greatly increased, accompanied with sickness, which produced the most distressing feelings. He was a good deal agitated at first, but gradually became easier, and was able to take some wine-whey, which seemed to refresh him. Toward evening his difficulty of breathing increased, and the spells of coughing were very distressing; but he uttered no complaint, and seemed only to fear that he should not be patient enough under his sufferings, exclaiming, "Oh, I am afraid I shall be tempted to murmur, and then what will become of me! Pray for me, all of you, pray for me, that my patience may hold out to the end!"

He soon, however, became sweetly composed, and an interval of ease occurring, he addressed us with an earnestness and freedom that he had never before manifested. He had always been very diffident of expressing himself on religious matters, and shrunk from speaking much of his own state; but from this time his tongue seemed to be loosened; all his natural reserve and diffidence disappeared, and every interval of comparative ease and strength was devoted to praises or prayer on his own account, or to earnest entreaty on behalf of those around him. He seemed impressed with the conviction that death was very near, saying "that he believed his time was at hand," and praying earnestly to his Saviour that He would be with him through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

Taking his father's hand, he said earnestly, "Dear father! thou hast been a very kind father to us all, and hast en-

deavoured to bring up thy children in the fear of the Lord, and I believe thou wilt be blessed for it. This will add another link to the chain to draw thee to heaven. Thou hast had many trials, but the Lord has supported thee, and He will support thee under this."

Hearing the sound of weeping, he said with much calmness, "Why do you do so, dears? If I am a Christian, there is no cause to weep for me!" On being answered that it was only for ourselves we mourned, at the thought of parting with him so soon, he said, "But we shall meet again! I trust we shall all meet, a blessed family, in heaven!"

He had expressed a wish to see his Aunt R., but being unable to come, she wrote him the following note, which was read to him more than once, at his own request, and appeared to afford him much comfort:—

"My darling Willie,

"My mind is much with thee all the time, and my fervent prayer to him who sees in secret is, that His everlasting arm may continue to be underneath thee, and that sweet voice may be heard of Him who once soothed the noise of the sea, and the raging of its waters,—'It is I, be not afraid!' 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' I believe, darling child, that the Saviour thou hast tried to serve, according to thy little measure, is with thee now, and will continue to be with thee through every remaining moment of thy stay with us. If it is His will that the time of thy release is approaching, He will favour thee with that blessed assurance while passing through the valley, and the nearer thou approachest to the end of all things, the brighter the prospect will be. Thou art about to join thy precious, happy, loved

ones, in ceaseless hallelujahs to the Lord God and the Lamb!"

Two of Willie's friends (C. T. and J. B.), calling during the evening to inquire after him; he was informed of it, and asked if he would like to see them; he replied that he *would* like to take leave of them, then added, "But if I should get well, father?" His father expressed his wish that he would be guided entirely by his own feelings, but reminded him that there was little probability he would recover, and even should he do so, he hoped he would not be ashamed of anything he should now acknowledge. "Oh, no!" he replied with earnestness, and then requested that they might come up to him. He took a hand of each affectionately in his own, and thanked them for their kind attentions to him during his long confinement to the house. The scene was an affecting one, but Willie was throughout

entirely composed; and when he bade them farewell, he added, "If I never see you again, will you not try to meet me where there is no more parting?"

Once after lying quiet a while, he requested that "Some of the sweet passages in Revelations" might be read to him. He lay perfectly still, with his hands clasped until they were finished, and then exclaimed earnestly, "How sweet! no one knows till he is laid upon a bed of sickness, what a comfort those Scripture promises are at such a time!"

Soon after this he said, "What a blessed thing to be prepared for the change. It would be a favour if the Lord would gather me thus early, so that I may not be tempted to follow the world's ways; but I must try to live one day at a time, as dear B. S. told me."

Willie having expressed a wish to see our friend S. B., jun., he was sent for, and kindly came as soon as he received the

information; remaining several hours by the bedside of the little sufferer. Willie requested him to pray for him; and on his replying, "Dear William, thou knows we cannot do that in our own time and way," he said, "I know it, but I thought thou might, perhaps, feel it thy duty to pray for me; for we read that 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'" On being reminded of the one great "Intercessor," Willie repeated the text, "Likewise the Spirit, also, helpeth our infirmities," &c. He inquired, "Dost thou think I shall be accepted? I have earnestly prayed that the tempter might not be permitted to overcome me in the last trial." He was reminded of the mercy of God through Christ our Saviour, and of the atoning efficacy of his precious blood; and was desired not to be discouraged if the enemy should be permitted to try him towards the close, for many old and experienced Christians had

been thus buffetted. On the text being commenced, "For these light afflictions, which are but for a moment," Willie added with earnestness, "work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

A most interesting conversation ensued, which lasted for some time, interrupted occasionally by short but earnest prayers for himself, or those who were dear to him. It was wonderful to find how fully this young Christian had been enabled to comprehend the gospel doctrine of salvation, and how richly his memory was stored with Scripture promises, which he now feelingly and appropriately applied to his own wants and experience; and all who stood around him listened with wonder to this new and striking proof that the mysteries which are often hidden from the wise and prudent are indeed revealed unto babes.

It is cause of regret that much which

was said on this and other occasions can not be recalled with sufficient clearness t be here recorded. It is only as we ca make use of the notes which were take at the time, that we feel justified i attempting to quote his words.

At one time he exclaimed, "Oh, ho sweet the love of God is!" and soon afte "How foolish it is to decorate the poo body, and to waste precious time on th pleasures and pursuits of this worl putting off the great work of preparatio to the latter end!"

He spoke of the great enjoyment an comfort he had derived from reading th Holy Scriptures, and his earnest desi that all might seek and experience i and several times remarked how thankf he was that his attention had been ear directed to serious reading, and what blessing it was to have a guarded religio education. He said one of his earlie recollections was, that of being taken in

his dear mother's room, after he had given way to his naturally high temper, when she would at times pray with him and for him, and that he had never forgotten her dying injunction, not to omit to pray for himself when she was gone.

Several times during that night he referred to the little brother he had lost, and once on waking from a short sleep, he said, "I thought I heard my dear brother's voice calling me to come up to him! Oh, what a happy meeting it will be!"

His father asked if he did not think his brother's death had been blessed to him. He paused for a moment and then said, he thought it had been useful to him by reminding him of the great uncertainty of life, and inducing him to examine how far he was prepared for so sudden a change.

He seemed very careful not to say anything that was not entirely correct and sincere, and once when a serious question was put to him, to which he did not feel

prepared to reply, he said, "Let me have a little time to think about it before I answer."

Towards morning his oppression increased, and he seemed anxious to be released, yet prayed earnestly that he might be preserved patient to the end. He remarked, "This poor tenement of clay is *very weary*;" and afterwards, "I fear I am too anxious to go; have I shown such feelings?"

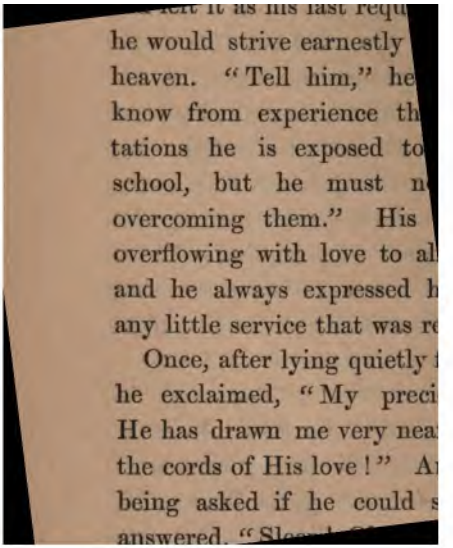
After awhile he became sweetly composed again, and exclaimed, "What a solemnity reigns through the room! Don't you feel it? I am glad it is so!" and soon after ejaculated, "Oh, my dear heavenly Father, if it be Thy holy will to take me from my beloved family, support them under the trial, and support me too! Let me not give way to the enemy, but let me resist him with a firm and stedfast heart."

At another time, he exclaimed, "Oh, it

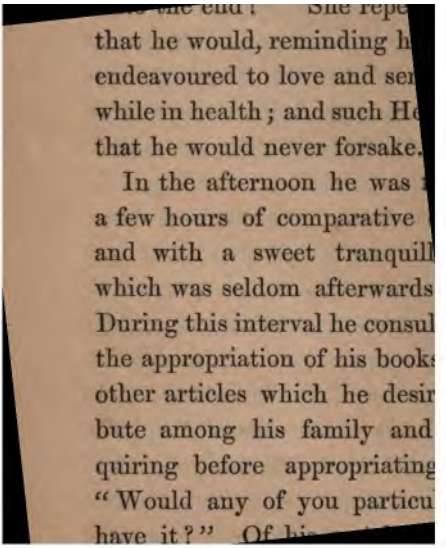
is a blessed thing to feel our sins forgiven!" and again, "How kind and merciful my God is, to allow me such sweet seasons of comfort both of mind and body!"

During Fourth-day morning he appeared to be in much bodily distress; but his frame of mind continued resigned and patient, and in intervals of comparative ease, he spoke earnestly to those around him, of the necessity of preparing in health for the hour of death, observing that they might not all have as long a warning as *he* had.

Once he said, "Dear brothers and sisters, if I am taken to-day, may you do all you can to strengthen and comfort each other, and never speak an unkind word, or do an unkind action." He added, that he had for some time been in the habit of keeping a daily record of his faults and failings, and thought it had been of great use in assisting him to guard against them, and he advised his brothers and sisters to make a trial of the plan.



Our friends R. C. and J. J., calling to see him in the course of the morning, the former spoke very encouragingly to him, expressing her belief that he was forgiven and accepted. Willie had seemed for an hour past a little depressed, and expressed his fear that, after all, the tempter might overcome at the last; but she reminded him that "the Lamb and His followers should have the victory," and that she believed he was a true follower of the Saviour, one of the lambs of His fold. She then knelt beside his bed in supplication, praying that he might be sustained through the valley of the shadow of death, and that, if consistent with the Divine will, an easy passage might be granted him, to the mansions of everlasting rest. As she arose from her knees, Willie extended his hand to her, remarking, "How comforting!" and after a little pause he exclaimed, "How many precious promises there are in the Scriptures!" Before



ing, "Tell J. he must not forget the many happy hours we have spent over it." The books and curiosities which Willie and his little brother had collected, were arranged in a cabinet by their own hands, and had not been disturbed since one of them had been taken away; but Willie now alluded to them, though with some emotion, and expressed his wish that his dear little nephew should have them.

After this he spoke of his Journal, and other private papers, and desired that they should be destroyed unopened. His family felt unwilling to consent to this, and after some hesitation he acceded to his father's request, that he would leave the papers with him, to dispose of as he should think best.

He next requested that his pocket-money might be applied to some charitable purpose; and then his mind seemed to turn away from temporal affairs, and to

rest in peaceful expectation of the final change.

It was a touching scene to those around his bedside, to see this young Christian so calmly and cheerfully making his last arrangements on earth, and waiting so peacefully the summons that was to call him to pass the cold river of death. But for him there was no terror in the prospect! his eye was fixed on the bright shore beyond, and the vision was all beauty and gladness.

During the night that followed, his spells of oppression were frequent and distressing, and he spoke but seldom. Once he ejaculated, "Oh, blessed Saviour, support me through the dark valley!" At another time he said, "water," but when it was brought to him he gently put the glass aside, repeating earnestly, "Water! oh spiritual water!" and added, "when the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for

thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Jacob will not forsake them!"

After an attack of oppression, he lay very quietly for a while, when looking up with a bright smile, he exclaimed, "How sweet!" on being asked what it was, he rejoined, "Oh, *heaven* is sweet! the thought of heaven!"

The next morning Willie seemed stronger and more comfortable; his voice was clear and his manner earnest, as he addressed those around him on various subjects, but all bearing upon the things of another life; the only theme that seemed of importance to him then. Alluding to a work he had lately read with interest, he remarked, "Whether Abbott's view of heaven is correct or not, it is very beautiful. But one thing is certain, it must be surpassed by the reality; for it is written, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them

His beloved Aunt R.
morning to come over and
first time. On seeing her
claimed, "Here comes my d
and thanked her affection
note, saying it had been suc
him; and soon after added
Aunt, what a blessed happ
gathering in heaven!" Sh
it was indeed a joyful thou
dearly as she loved him, s
keep him one moment from
such a blessed company; a
she knelt by his bedside i
for his support and preservat

of his religious progress to her instruction and influence, as well as to that of his parents. To her the parting was a peculiarly painful one, but she was enabled to give him up unreservedly into his heavenly Father's hands.

On taking leave of her, he said, "I believe, dear aunt, the Lord will support thee and enable thee to bear this new trial. She replied, "I trust He will, dear Willie, and—

> 'Where thy dear Lord has been,
> Thou needst not fear to go;
> The deepest gulf, the darkest scene,
> Is safe to travel through.'"

In the course of the morning he alluded to the pleasures he used to enjoy in company with his little brother, and added, "But will it not be ten thousand times more delightful to spend eternity together in heaven?"

At another time, after lying quietly, he

said, "I was wondering what kind of ga
ments I should wear in that happy cou
try; but we need not think about tha
for there we are not arrayed in earth
garments, but are clothed in fine line
which is the righteousness of saints."

Some allusion being made to sever
late bereavements in the family, and h
hard it would be to give *him* up, Wil
soon after ejaculated, "Oh, Holy Fathe
how thankful ought we to be for all t
mercies! Instead of repining that Th
hast seen fit to afflict us thus, we shou
rather rejoice in the assurance Thou h
so mercifully given us that another happ
ransomed spirit will soon be safely landed

After the doctor had left the room, Wil
turned to his father, and asked him if
thought he would be likely to have a ha
struggle at the last; adding, "I want
know what to expect." His father sa
he had felt anxious on this point himse
but that the doctor, on being question

had expressed his opinion that the close would be a quiet and easy one. Willie listened attentively but made no reply.

After tea, our friend S.B., jun., came in to see him again, and soon after one of his young friends; to the latter he observed as he took his hand affectionately, "I am yet on this earth, dear J.," and added, after a pause, "I want thee to try to prepare and follow me to that happy country where I am going. Death is not a bitter thing to a Christian. I want thee to tell all our young friends, and all who have cared any thing about me, that I died happy; as I hope to do. Be kind to thy little brother, to both thy little brothers; be an example and guide to them."

Then releasing his friend's hand, and clasping his own, he prayed sweetly and earnestly for him and for his other young friends, that they might be preserved from the snares and temptations of the world

and that they might at last form a happy band of friends in heaven; and added:

"Oh, heavenly Father! be with me to the end. Keep me firmly settled upon the Rock of Ages! And oh, if it should be Thy will to restore me to health, let me not be discouraged, but enable me to go on perfecting holiness in Thy fear, and striving to convert others to Thee!"

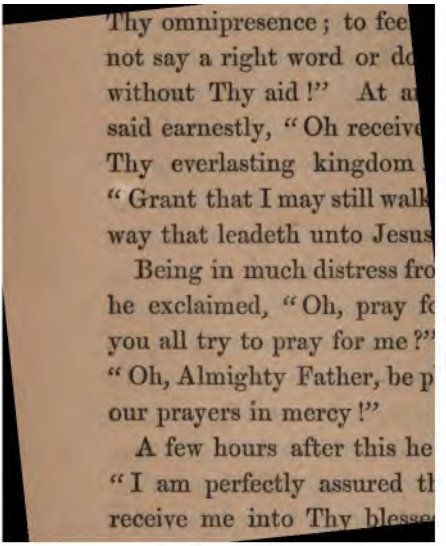
A solemn pause ensued, after which S. B., jun., appeared in fervent supplication in behalf of the dear little sufferer, and in thanks for the mercy which had been so abundantly vouchsafed for his support. Soon afterwards Willie took leave of his young friend very affectionately, saying, "Farewell, dear J., I may never see thee again in this world."

S. B., jun., then took his hand and said solemnly, "Farewell, dear William, farewell in the Lord!" To which he replied, with much earnestness, "Farewell,

my dear friend, may we meet in the Lord!"

The night that succeeded was a very suffering one to Willie, but he was quiet and resigned through all. Once he observed, "It is a long, hard struggle; I hope I may be kept patient." Toward morning he seemed comparatively comfortable, and conversed freely and without difficulty. In answer to one of his remarks, it was suggested to him, that perhaps it might not be the will of our heavenly Father to take him at this time, but that He might see fit to spare him for a while, to be a comfort to us all, and a help to his brothers and sisters. He replied, that he should be thankful to go now while he felt so prepared, but he hoped he should be resigned; and soon after he prayed fervently for his support and preservation, if longer life should be his portion.

He several times asked, for those around him, Divine support and assistance, and


Thy omnipresence; to fee
not say a right word or do
without Thy aid!" At a
said earnestly, "Oh receive
Thy everlasting kingdom
"Grant that I may still walk
way that leadeth unto Jesus
Being in much distress fro
he exclaimed, "Oh, pray fo
you all try to pray for me?"
"Oh, Almighty Father, be p
our prayers in mercy!"
A few hours after this he
"I am perfectly assured th
receive me into Thy blesse

tant to take any nourishment, entreating that he might not be disturbed, and remarking, "Dear father, will it not make me stronger only to prolong my suffering? If I am going, why should you try to detain me a little longer?" His father replied, that it was our duty to make use of all the means we could, and leave the rest to the Almighty; asking Willie if he would wish to go in his own time instead of his heavenly Father's; to which he replied, "Oh, no!" and added, "Father dear! I will take anything you wish me to; I will not make any more objections;" and after this he prayed, "Oh, Lord Jesus! preserve me from every evil. Do not forsake me, heavenly Father! Instead of feeling anxious to depart, help me to walk in the narrow way to the end, and grant me patience to bear all that it may be Thy holy will to lay upon me!"

On Sixth-day morning Willie's symp-

toms appeared more favourable, and the doctor expressed the opinion that he might continue for some time. Willie made no remark then, but after he had gone, he observed to his sister, "I long to be released, but I think I can truly say I am resigned."

Hearing some conversation in the room relative to arrangements for his bodily comfort and convenience, he said gently, "I want your minds to be in communion with me, dears, on subjects that I shall not be afraid to be talking and thinking of when I am called into eternity."

In his intervals of ease during this day, he repeated many beautiful texts of Scripture, with which his mind was richly stored. At one time, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. What is the use then of setting our affections on the things of this

life, when we know we shall have to part with them so soon ?"

In the evening he commenced one of his favourite hymns :

"I have called Thee Abba Father,
I have set my hopes on Thee,
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me ;"

but being too weak to finish it, his sisters repeated it for him.

At the close he exclaimed, "How sweet!" and then named another, "He doeth all things well;" which they went through in the same way.

He spoke again of the great uncertainty of life, and the necessity of working while the day lasted, saying, "Oh, may we all be prepared!" He then called one of his sisters to him, and asked her if she had a copy of "The More Convenient Season." It was brought and read to him, after which he observed, that a "*death-bed*

would be a poor place to prepare for eternity."

On Seventh-day morning, Willie was so much more comfortable that the doctor seemed quite encouraged about him; but on this being remarked to him, he exclaimed, "Oh, don't speak so! It makes me sad to think of coming back to life again."

The 103rd Psalm appeared to be a favourite one with him. It was the last portion of Scripture that had been read to his dear mother at her own request, and after her decease he had committed it to memory. This evening he repeated several passages from it: "The Lord is merciful and gracious." "Bless the Lord, O, my soul!" and added, "That is a sweet psalm."

Soon after he repeated the verse, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me," &c.; and again, "How unsearchable are Thy judgments, and Thy ways past finding out!"

Towards evening his pain and oppression increased, and for a while he seemed quite distressed, saying, "Oh, heavenly Father, prepare me! Oh, give me a little ease and comfort, if it be Thy Holy Will!" And, after alluding to our late bereavements, he prayed, "Oh, Father, be pleased to preserve us in this hour of deep affliction; we know that Thou art merciful, but Thou hast been pleased to afflict us very sore of late." He soon, however, became more comfortable; and after taking a cool drink, which refreshed him, he looked up sweetly and said, "Father dear, haven't we a great many blessings? It is such a comfort to be able to look at this." And soon after he returned thanks for the relief he had experienced, saying, "I am very thankful to Thee for having preserved me, and given me an assurance of acceptance."

Although his manner was always reverential and solemn when engaged in prayer,

yet there was a childlike confidence in his addresses to his heavenly Father, which seemed to indicate that he had long been accustomed to turn to Him for assistance and support, and to realize the truth of the promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

In the evening, after his father had assisted him to move to the other side of the bed, he thanked him, and added, "I have two very kind fathers to look to, but one far exceeding the other in kindness."

During the early part of the night he seemed quiet and comfortable, and rather disposed to sleep; but about 12 o'clock a change was observed in his pulse, and his breathing became slower and more laboured. His family were alarmed at the symptoms, and his brothers and sisters all gathered around his bed. His mind, however, was sweet and composed, and he made several remarks, indicative of what was passing in his thoughts. "Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God alone

giveth the increase. Let us look to Him alone, and He will show us all where to go. I fear there is too much disposition to look to man in our day."

Soon afterwards he repeated the verse—

"Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Hath heard Messiah's name."

And after a while exclaimed, "Oh, let me bow myself at His feet, and suffer all that He wills I should!"

Towards morning his oppression became very great, but he made no allusion to his sufferings, except to pray fervently for support, ejaculating, "Oh, merciful Father, it is of great importance to me that I reach this happy country. Be with me and protect me, lest I fail at last!" and again; "Oh, Father! be with me in this sore conflict, as I have many, many times earnestly asked." He repeated the lines—

"Love Him, and He
Will ever be
The Rock of thy Salvation!"

and then asked his sister to say the whole hymn to him, which she did. As the last verse was repeated, he followed her with his lips, and seemed to adopt every line of it.

"Death shall never harm thee,
Shrink not from his blow,
For thy God shall arm thee,
And victory bestow;
For Death shall bring
To thee no sting,
The grave no desolation,
'Tis gain to die
With Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy Salvation!"

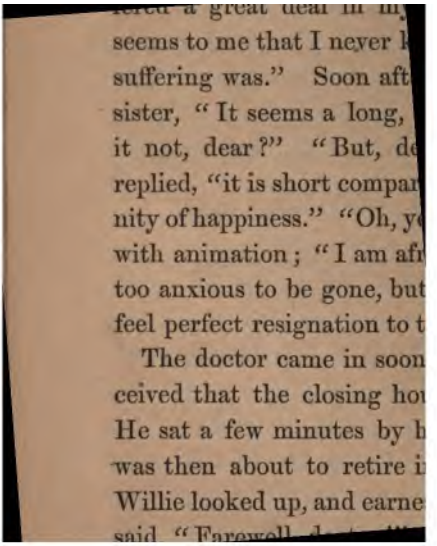
About eight o'clock on First-day morning, his Aunt R. came to see him once more. He received her very affectionately, and asked, "Dost thou think it will be very *long now*, dear Aunt?" "No, my darling,"

she answered; "I think it will soon be over now, and thou safe at home, that blessed happy home, where the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed thee, and lead thee to fountains of living water, and God shall wipe away all tears from thine eyes. Now Willie can say,

"'On Jordan's stormy bank I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.'"

She then kneeled by his bedside, and prayed that the sustaining arm of the blessed Saviour might be underneath him for his support during his passage over Jordan; that his heavenly Father would in mercy ameliorate, as far as consistent with His will, the sufferings of the poor body, and take the precious immortal spirit to Himself.

The great internal heat and inflammation were very distressing to him. He asked his father to place his hand on hi-


suffered a great deal in h
seems to me that I never k
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sister, "It seems a long,
it not, dear?" "But, d
replied, "it is short compar
nity of happiness." "Oh, y
with animation; "I am afr
too anxious to be gone, but
feel perfect resignation to t
The doctor came in soon
ceived that the closing ho
He sat a few minutes by h
was then about to retire i
Willie looked up, and earne
said, "Farewell, d

wanted something, said, "What is it, dear Willie?" "Nothing," he replied; "dear father, nothing but love!" A few minutes after he observed, "I am very low, father! I think I cannot last much longer." His father placed his finger on Willie's wrist: pulsation had nearly ceased. He answered, "Be of good cheer, my darling! Thou art almost home!"

Water was brought to him, and he was asked if he would moisten his lips. He shook his head, and with a strong effort turned himself over and threw his arms around his sister, resting his head against her bosom. Then a deadly paleness overspread his features, and opening his large blue eyes, and raising them toward heaven with a look of joyful sweetness which it is impossible to describe, he breathed gently a few times, and all was over.

For a considerable time all expression was lost in feeling, and it seemed as if we were enabled in some measure to rejoice that his short but successful "warfare

was accomplished;" that Death had been robbed of its sting, and the grave had no victory. Truly we may say

> "Without a sigh,
> A change of feature, or a shaded smile,
> He gave his hand to the stern messenger,
> And as a glad child seeks its father's house,
> Went home. . . . It was not meet
> That he should longer tarry from that bliss
> Which God reserveth for the pure in heart."

And may the fervent desire be raised in the hearts of the dear children who may read this little book, earnestly to seek an interest in that Saviour who laid down his life a willing sacrifice for them; who is waiting to gather the lambs with his arms and carry them in his bosom, and to lead them gently and safely on their journey, whether long or short, until they too "obtain the end of their faith, even the salvation of their souls."

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